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**THE YOUNG
SOLDIER,**

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CARLETON



WAR CRY

ADVANCE, - SALVATION ARMY!

Tid-Bits, Bright and Brief, Descriptive of Army Warfare.

Christ Came,

AND

The Drunkard of 30 Years' Standing became
A NEW MAN!

TEN YEARS AGO, in one of our towns, some Salvation soldiers were on the march singing, "We're going home with Jesus." Driving on the streets of that town that cold winter's night was a poor man, a slave to sin, drink, and the devil.

He was a carter, and he was taking a load of barrels of beer to a liquor store.

The singing attracted him, and as he listened to the voices pealing out through the cold night air, "We're going home with Jesus," the Spirit of God took hold of him, and he said to himself, "Where am I going to?"

"TO HELL!"

From that moment the Spirit of God took hold of him in a wonderful way. At last, one night this poor, wretched, wreck of a drunkard of thirty years' standing fell at the Salvation's feet and cried aloud for pardon. He was a real broken and contrite heart, and soon the dark, black, guilty past was expiated through faith in the precious blood of Calvary's Christ, and the poor, wretched sinner of a few moments before rose up a new creature in Christ Jesus. Oh, the joy! the light! the gladness! the life! the freedom! the liberty! that came after the second birth into the heart of this dear man, and now

FOR TEN YEARS,

through trials and difficulties, and persecutions of the most severe kind, this man has stood out before all, a living witness of the power of Beth-shem's Christ to save, cleanse, and keep to the uttermost.

Praise God for evermore!

Reader, if you are a slave of sin, drink and the devil, don't despair. There's hope for you. Christ came down from the clouds that night you, roll away the burden, bring you peace, and joy, life and liberty. Oh, woe! His birth is being commemorated this Christmas-tide, you come to Him with all your sorrow, sadness, wretchedness, and despair, and prove for yourself that there is a real Christ to save from sin and woe. He is your only remedy, the only source of your happiness here and hereafter. Oh, may God the Holy Spirit come to your heart and move you to repentance! Remember, YOU MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

ADJUTANT AYRE.

THE OPEN-AIR WARFARE.

The Salvation Army was born in the open-air, and there is no place to-day better fitted to train recruits and make real live blood-and-the-soldiers than its birthplace. I have never forgotten my first few hours in the open air at the hotel where I had my first drink. I shook from head to foot. The street battles have had more to do with making me a fighting soldier than anything else. It is death to timidity, respectability, fear, and a lot of other little devils. In small towns we are so apt to think because we don't have large crowds there is no use for open-air, but listen, here is the experience of a young woman last week in our town. She had been converted in the Army and was going to join the church, but felt her place was in the Army. While playing in her room about the matter, the Army

unlocked past and stopped on the corner. She rose from her knees, and watched them through the window, saying at the same time, "That is my peace." She has since given herself fully to God and the Army, and gives promise of a glorious future. At least open-air about twelve people were in sight.

CAPT. HEWITT.

Bang! Bang! Army Drum!

"THERE'S a show come, sure! Shall we go and see it?" said my companion, as we were nearing the place from whence proceeded a shower of noise. We decided to go, and on our arrival we were surprised and no less disappointed to find a couple of girls, one playing a concertina, the other holding the colors (which I then thought peculiar, but have since learned to love), while an irregular bang! bang! bang! seemed to be the best production of time the brother at the drum could bring forth. That drummer is the "X L R," in my mind, of anything I have heard before or since. My companion did not seem at all anxious to stay, and I guess we both would have preferred the show, but somehow I could not go away, for peculiar as it seemed to see these three people standing there singing the same chorus over and over again, still there was something I liked in the singing, although to-day I do not remember what it was, but I do remember that some few days afterwards I knelt at the cross, in the S. A. barracks, seeking forgiveness of the past, and making promises for the future.

Since conversion I have always considered an open-air meeting music, its best soldier if the drum was absent, and it asked to-day what first drew my attention to the Army, I say, "Why, the drum, of course."

BEN BRYAN.

A NEWFOUNDLANDER IN THE WAR CRY WITNESS BOX.

The Smoking-Devil Frontispiece
Fixed Him.

FITTED HIM LIKE HIS SOCK.

Hallelujah! Saved Through Reading the War Cry.

I BOUGHT a War Cry on the street from the Captain, he charging me to read it through. I took it home, hadn't time to look through it, so put it in my chest. Next evening, after tea, I lit my pipe and settled myself down for a comfortable smoke. I took the War Cry to read, or rather to look at the picture of the tobacco devil that was on the front page—the devil I had so faithfully served for eighteen years.

Seeing the statement of the amount of money wasted by the use of tobacco caused me to consider and read more of its contents. I felt that somehow that Cry must have been printed ESPECIALLY FOR ME, because it fitted me just like my socks. So, taking the pipe out of my mouth, I laid it down, saying as I did so, "BY THE HELP OF GOD I WILL SMOKE NO MORE."

Although the struggle has been very tough, in the strength of Jesus I have

WON THE VICTORY.

I am glad I bought that Cry. I love it with all my heart. It was the means of turning me from the paths of darkness and sin into the light and glory of God. I will keep that Cry as long as the dear Lord permits me

to live. Now, after giving up one sin, I thought I must give up the lot. So, one night, shortly after reading the Cry, I made my way to the Army penitentiary. There I gave my all to Jesus, bless Him! He pardoned all my sins, set me free, and now I am as happy as I can be.

Smokers, this same experience is for you if you will only give your heart to Christ. May you do so, be the prayer of a sinner saved by the blood.

A. B. FLEWITT.

THE Cove, Newfoundland.

TOM WHIPPLE ON War Cry Selling.

Selling War Crys in the saloons on Saturday nights is a different experience. There are a large number of saloons in our city, they keep open until 11 p.m., some of them all night. The amount of drinking and open sin is appalling. I have got into some tight places. I have been threatened with beer glasses and bottle ends. I have been thrown on the floor and sat on. I know what the Dutch flip is. For some of your readers who don't, it is this: Two men get hold of you, one each side, and turn you over and over. It does not hurt you, but causes a laugh at your expense, but I have always found that whenever I was in any danger God has raised up friends to defend me. I believe that I have been the means in God's hand of reaching people whom it would be impossible to get into a church or Army barracks. I go home after a night's War Cry selling with joy in my heart, a consciousness of duty fulfilled, and another victory won.

TOM WHIPPLE.

Likes the Army.

I remember a dark and sad hour in my life, when walking through the streets of a great city, I met a band of Salvationists on the march. As I looked right and left wondering if any man cared for my soul, they commenced to sing:

"Whosoever will in this night may share."

In my Father's house there is bread and to spare.

Come to Jesus," etc.

That chorus was a blessing to me, and today I am a better man for having heard it. I passed on to another city, where I found a young man alone, betrayed, and in poverty. There was a Salvation Army home there, and I felt that he would be all right there, so I took him to the home, and he was well cared for. I have no doubt, in the next city it was a Salvationist who carried him into his house, and who would not take anything in return.

As I, a stranger and inexperienced, was meeting a city where I would leave the train at midnight, I felt anxious about finding needed lodgings. Somebody told me that there was a Salvation Army woman who kept a lodging house there. I determined if I could find her, for the word "Salvationist" was guaranteed comfort for me. But how should I find the house? I would keep a look-out for a Salvationist at the station. I felt that if I could find a Salvationist I would be able to find him, if I did not know where that house was.

Before I had in the Army, but how should I distinguish him? By his uniform and S.A., of course. And just then I lost my prejudice for Salvation Army uniform. I had always said that there was but one mark necessary for a Christian, the one Jesus gave when He said, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one toward another." But I found the Salvation Army uniform exceeded lodgings, and that dark night in December, and after two weeks' experience I said what I still believe, that I had found what for me was the best lodging-house in the city.

There are a few of the many reasons I am prepared to give to those who from time to time ask me why I like the Salvation Army.

S. J. WERTHER, Holland.

Never reason with the devil.

Army Bands.

STRONG EVIDENCE

IN THEIR DEFENSE.

Four Questions Successfully Answered, by an Old Band-master.

1. WHY DO YOU PLAY?

I asked myself the question, "Why do I play?" The answer came, "Because I can the more glorify God and extend His Kingdom by so doing, and I am obeying God in using the talent that He has given me." I believe with all my heart that God uses these weak things to confound the mighty. What is music? It is the essence of harmony. What does it do? It helps drive away sadness and cheer up the low-spirited, and makes people think of better things. I play that these things should be accomplished, that people should by these means be brought to know God and serve Him.

2. WHAT ADVANTAGE HAS A BANDSMAN?

He has many. If he has only the talent he can use it for God, not for self. People will look and watch him as he walks up the streets with his instrument under his arm and his uniform on. They say to themselves, "There goes a Salvation Army bandman." What is the meaning of salvation? They might as well say, "There goes a man who plays for God." God has given us this grand privilege to praise Him with the instruments. They give us all kinds of instruments to come and play with them, and offer us money if we would do so. But at the same time they like our stickability in staying in our right places, and often wish they were less so. I tried to content myself once in playing in outside bands, thinking it was all right. I thought I was getting lots of money. I was professing to be saved at the same time, but instead of getting on all right I was getting all wrong in my soul and pocket. Thanks to God, He gave me the victory. I warn any who think there is no harm in it to take warning from one who has tried it.

3. WHAT HAVE ARMY BANDS DONE?

I think I can say without contradiction that our Salvation Army band is one of the greatest powers used by God that we have to meet our end, and getting people to think about their souls. What has it been the means of doing? Thousands of once hopeless souls have, by the sound of the drum or the band, been drawn to the Army barracks and been made to think of their souls. As in the killing armies, the band is to help in times of war to cheer the soldiers and to take hope in their breast. So I say that it is a help to our soldiers and our Army in the same way, a cheering and soul-inspiring power.

4. WHAT DO THE RUMS SAY?

They love the band, love the boys that are in it, and if it were not for the band they would not go with us. It is like they want, and that is why they come to the Army. If they were at the Army they would either be at an hotel or some place like it. So by the band we get hold of these boys. They carry us, and only wish they were with us.

FRED WOODGATE.

"Faith can only be held as the essence is clear."

Confidence in God and self-reliance are necessary companions.

The latter goes with the sword in the Salvation Army war.

He who is late to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw, when he will have forgotten the cause.

The great object of sin is the tongue: the hands, the ears and eyes, the mistress of all in the heart, therefore at grace rule your heart and the whole man will be subject.

Army Bands.

STRONG EVIDENCE

IN THEIR DEFENCE.

Four Questions Successfully Answered, by an Old Band-master.

1. WHY DO YOU PLAY?

I asked myself the question, "Why do I play?" The answer came, "Because I can the glory of God and extend His kingdom by so doing, and that I am obeying God in doing the thing that He has given me." I believe with all my heart that God uses these weak things to confound the enemy. What is music? It is the essence of harmony. What does it do? It helps drive away sadness and cheer up the low-spirited, and makes people think of better things. I play that these things should be acknowledged, that people should by these means be brought to know God and serve Him.

2.—WHAT ADVANTAGE HAS A BANDSMAN?

He has many. If he has only the talent he can use it for God, not cover it up. People will look and watch him as he walks up the streets with his instrument under his arm and his uniform on. They say to themselves, "There goes a Salvation Army bandman! What is the meaning of that?" They might as well say, "There goes a man who plays for God." God has given us this grand privilege to praise Him with the instrument, and if we are not much good at preaching or singing, we can do what we can in the playing of our instruments for God. Oh, what great things we have! All other bands outside of the Army are looking at us. They give us all kinds of inducements to come and play with them, but at the same time they like our discipline in staying in our right places, and often when they were like this, I tried to content myself once in a while in outside bands, thinking it was all right. I thought I was getting lots of money. I was pretending to be saved at the same time, but instead of getting on all right I found I was getting all wrong in my soul and pocket. Thanks to God, He gave me the victory. I want my wife to think there is no harm in it to take turning from one who has tried it.

3.—WHAT HAVE ARMY BANDS DONE?

I think I can say without contradiction that our Salvation Army band is one of the greatest powers used by God that has been made to save souls. What has it been the means of doing? Thousands of once hopeless souls have, by the sound of the drum and the band, been drawn to the Army and been made to stand in ranks. As in the killing army, the band is to help in times of war to cheer the soldiers and to induce courage in their breast, so I say that it is a help to our soldiers and our men in the same way, a cheering and soul-inspiring power.

4.—WHAT DO THE HUMS SAY?

They love the band, love the boys that are in it, and if it were not for the band they would not be with us. It is life they want, and that is why they come to the Army. If they expect at the Army they would rather be at an hotel or some place like that. So by the band we get hold of these lads. They envy us, and only wish they were with us.

FRED WOODGATE.

Faith can only be held in the confidence is clear.

Confidence in God and self-distrust are sure companions.

The bitter goes with the sweet in the Salvation Army war.

He who is false to present duty rears a thread in the loom, and will in a hour, when he will have for often the cause.

The great outlet of sin in the ancient times, the ears and eyes, of the mistress of all to the heart, therefore let grace rule your heart and the whole man will be subject.

PENITENT-FORM ECHOES!

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

It was a slight that most have glimpsed the angels and set heaven's joy bells ringing.

There, in Sunday morning holiness meeting, in all, eight knelt at the cross. Two who knelt side by side especially attracted my attention, one a poor, fallen girl.

No doubt many struggles to do right had come on in for some time before her courage had brought her, as a first volunteer, to the penitent-form.

Praise God for a Gospel which reaches the outcast and delivers from the bondage of sin!

The offer was a lady in good position—the wife of a barrister. For eight years she has known what it is to be saved. When she came to Christ not only did she experience His forgiving grace, but a great work of separation took place, and the world, with its such pleasures, just all its clamor for her. Her life has been given up to a great extent to philanthropic effort and the amelioration of the woes of the poor.

But though she was devoted to doing good for others, there was in her own heart the consciousness that the roots of sin had not been really crushed.

She volunteered to the cross, and by a definite yielding of herself to do the perfect will of God, and a clinging of the blessing by faith, she was able to rise and say: "Not only do I believe that the CAN do this for me, and WILL do so, but just now I believe He DOES it."

Oh, for more definite dealing at our penitent-form! Especially on the question of holiness, there is such a need of seeking, understanding that it is not FEELING but FAITH which is the essential to a living experience of God's indwelling power. There seems to be such darkness on this point.

If there could be a clearer conception of the fact that TRUTH is NOT SIN, but that though the soul is delivered from the roots of sin it is still subject to temptation.

As the body is subject to disease, and can only be fortified against its attacks by being kept in a healthy condition, so the soul can only be kept free from sin by a daily, living faith in God's conclusive indwelling power.

The feelings, which are so much trusted in by many, are only ONE of the fruits of that Spirit's abiding.

HOLINESS IS NOT A SENTIMENT!

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Another instance which illustrates the same thought:—

This time a Sergeant. For months he has been seeking the blessing.

A short time ago he came to the penitent-form, with several others.

It was a struggle to do so. Why? Because he had been there before. Listen to his testimony in the next holiness meeting.

"I have found out it is according to your FAITH, comrades, that God blesses you. When I asked Him to take away my temper, He did it."

"Then I came to Him on account of my pride. I believed He would do it, and He did take away my pride."

"Last Friday I felt there was still something lacking—I did not know what, but I just gave myself this time fully, and by faith I claimed His promise, and He sanctified the gift."

This is just where so many struggle on for years—trying to get the blessing piecemeal, not understanding where they lack. If such an one could this brother's testimony, do as he did: GIVE YOURSELF, AND SPEAK into a life of faith in Him.

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The next is an elderly lady. As we should to sing.

"Over the waves to Thee, dear Lord, Over the waves to Thee, At last, at last, I come, I come Over the waves to Thee."

She pushed through the crowd, after praying earnestly she rose to her feet exclaiming, with clasped hands, "Oh, friends, this is where I've been trying to get for ten years."

"I was converted ten years ago in England, and ever since I have been trying to speak for Jesus. Never could I do so before. Oh, praise the Lord!"

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I met the next sister on the street one evening in a western city.

THE WAR CRY.

3



"While shopkeepers watched their doors by night."

The previous Sunday I had seen her at the penitent-form. At the end of a ROW of THIRTEEN. The others had testified to receiving what they sought. This sister had not done so. She waited for me a few minutes after, and told me the sad story that led to her being there. She had accepted the blessing (though it seemed as if it might mean being in office, but had almost lost it by not testifying to it.

saved in an Army meeting. It meant something to him—that chance from a dissipated gambler's life to that of a humble penitent. He had been a prodigal, not only from God, but from his father's home, for nineteen years. But "he came to himself," and wisely started for home. The father met him with the embrace, the ring, and the robe, and the Salvationists rejoiced and made merry.

The next step was to write to his

MY COVENANT!

BY MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

A Prayer Suitable for Watch-Night Services throughout the Dominion.

OH, LORD JESUS! At this, the first night of a New Year, I desire to come before Thee in the spirit of true humility. I can plead nothing but Thy love, hope for nothing but Thy mercy, cling to nothing but Thy Cross. Because Thou hast had me come, I kneel with confidence at Thy feet, and make with Thee a Covenant, to which I desire to be true till I die.

Help me, Jesus, by Thy Spirit, and give me grace to fulfil my vows. I promise that during this new year I will be SINCERE. I will not be false in word, or deed, or thought. Should I fail, I will not hide my fault. Should I sin, I will not cover my wrong. Should I be mistaken, I will not deny my lack of wisdom. Should I be dishonest, I will not choose to remain in the dark. I will seek to be before Thee openly at all times what Thou knowest I am at heart. Deliver me, dear Saviour, during this coming year from slumps of all sorts, and let my life and actions show how Thou canst keep in the way of sincerity those who follow Thee.

I promise, also, that during this year I will be TRUE. I will not betray Thy interests, or sell Thee for time or gain. I want to be true to Thee, Jesus, that during 1896 Thou canst reckon on me in sorrow or sunshine, loss or gain, peace or war, life

or death. And I will also be true to my comrades. I will try to love and serve them as Thou hast loved me. I will seek to cover their faults and forgive their unkindness. I will pray over their weaknesses, and weep over their sins, and so I will prove my love to Thee by the love I bear my brethren and sisters.

I promise, dear Jesus, that I will be COURAGEOUS in Thy service. I will not bring Thee half my powers, but the whole. I will not be cold in my devotion, but on fire. I will not be listless in Thy battles, but desperate. I will not be neutral in Thy warfare, but whole-hearted. Thou shalt have my life to spend Thy praise, my hands to do Thy work, my feet to run Thy errands, my mind to think Thy thoughts, my affection to love Thy kingdom, my will to do Thy bidding. Help me, loving Saviour, to follow in Thy footsteps through every day of the coming year. Make 1896 a period in my life of perfect peace, joy, gladness, courageous service, and glorious victory, and grant me Thy blessed presence all the way, so that, should it please Thee to take me to Thyself ere the dawn of another year, I may go to meet Thee without regret or fear.

Through Jesus, my Saviour, I ask it all, in whose strength I rely to carry it out. AMEN.

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Here is another reason why so many fall after coming out in the meetings. One of the conditions of my consecration over ten years ago was that I should always

WHEREVER I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY,

witness to this new life of purity. I could not retain it otherwise.

"The devil comes to the trembling sinner, and whispers, 'Will I see how you get on first. See if you can live holy in your trying circumstances.'"

Often, not desiring that this be the poisoned arrow of a foe, these instructions are listened to, and well-disposed friends bring condemnation, and the honest soul is plunged into darkness.

What about your experience, reader? Have you lost the blessing by neglecting to testify?

"Remember, . . . and repent."

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Out of five who bowed their heads on the penitent-form and with their consecrated hearts with their tears, was one who could not help being especially interested in.

A few weeks previously he had got

sister across the rolling ocean, in the old Land.

There was gladness in that home, for had they not thought him dead for nineteen years?

"The sister wrote to the officers thanking God that through the Army's instrumentality the 'lost was found and the dead was alive.'"

Well, in this particular holiness meeting, he felt he ought to take another step, so he came out voluntarily, and presented his body an offering to the Lord. He not only proved that "His blood can make the vessel clean," by destroying the appetite for play and drink, but that He could "break the power of remedial sin," and give this professional gambler a "clean heart, and enable him to live without sin."

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The last testimony comes not from the mercy-seat, but from a personal letter following up a meeting where the writer told the story. It runs: "I called it in that meeting. It was quietly and deliberately, but for life."

This from a comrade who for two years has tried to shew his responsibility and God's call.

Oh that that was the only case! But no; there are many who are struggling in darkness under a shadow of doubt and perplexity.

You don't understand holiness because you are not willing to obey.

You are in doubt because of your unwillingness to walk in the light.

Rise up! Fulfill the promises made to God. Keep your eyes.

Comply with the conditions and He WILL accept the offering and sanctify the gift.

Oh, the blessedness of an obedient life, a life hid with Christ in God.

ALMOST LOST!

HELLO! HELLO! HELLO! The cry rang over the water, that dark winter night. Splash, splash, splash, the oars of the rescue party sounded as they pulled towards the wreck, guided only by the glare for help from the struggling, drowning sailors clinging to their doomed vessel.

There was no star in the sky, no lamp on the wreck,—in fact, this was the cause of their trouble, they had neglected to put up their lights, and the steamer on which I stood, having no knowledge of the whereabouts of the small, misty vessel, with its crew of eight men, struck her and

CUT HER COMPLETELY IN TWO.

The men may have been sleeping, but if so, they were quickly and rudely awakened to face the grim reality of DEATH in expectation.

Their rescue was accomplished, and I had the joy of seeing these eight men landed one by one on board the steamer.

That was nine years ago. I then stood on board that steamer, a cadet, bound for London. A few hours before, I had left my soldier comrades in my home in Scotland, and a few hours later I was landed amongst my cadet comrades in the Clapton Training Home in London.

But the scene of that dark night, with the crash of the collision and the cry for help was not without its lessons to me. I saw all around me struggling, sinking, drowning souls, who have been wrecked on this dark sea of despair, and whose every path, and curse, and blasphemy, are loud cries for "Help!"

This is Christmas season. Christendom celebrates the coming of Him Who was born King of the Jews. The world stops its machinery, closes its factories, locks up its banks today, and the church bells chime.

But stop! It is not all ringing of church bells, singing of anthems, and shouting of Salvationists. Past these very churches and Army barracks there rushes a motley throng of those drunken, and even more probably form a strange contrast to the real Christmas spirit. It is true the revelry and debauchery are not without their songs of joy, but truly it is a joy born of ignorance, for all they but know their true state before that their child songs would be turned into

DESPAIRING WAILS

to God for salvation.

Oh, my comrades, Salvationists, in whose hearts the Morning Star has arisen, can we not become more desperate in our endeavors to save men and women from their sin and its awful consequences? We are a rescue party. Do we hear the cry for help, and more important still, do we lead it? Let us this Christmas learn a lesson from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The servant is not greater than his Lord. Then surely the servant should be as devoted and zealous as his Lord, and as the Christmas stars shine, and the Christmas bells ring, and the Christmas songs are sung, and the Christmas dinner eaten, let us remember that He Who instituted Christmas, by exchanging a palace for a stable, a throne for a manger, a crown for a cross, did not do so without a cause. His heart was moved with pity as He looked on the poor, despairing world, and to bring life and hope within the reach of men He gave Himself a ransom for all.

Shall we not follow Him?

EDWARD ANDREW HANNAH.

WHY DO I WEAR UNIFORM?

THE QUESTION is sometimes asked, "Why do we wear uniform in the Salvation Army?" Well, there are different answers to that question, all amounting to the same thing in the end.

First, I would say we are a band of saved men and women, whose mission is to save souls from sin and its consequences. In and through the power of God, our organization is modelled after military armies. The first duty of a soldier is obedience, whether in Her Majesty's Army or the Salvation Army. Whoever heard of armies without uniform. Policemen, postmen, and others wear uniform, not merely for the sake of wearing it, but as a distinguishing mark, and as a badge of authority, and so it is a distinguishing mark for a Salvationist. It says to the world, "I am on the Lord's side, I am saved from all my sins, separated from the world, and set apart for God's service." Some may say, "I can truly be a Christian and not wear uniform." Well, that is possible, but I sincerely believe that we can be more of a blessing to the unsaved by wearing uniform. If it is an outward, visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, if it is the mark of a holy life. Of course there is abuse, but any good thing can be abused. My testimony is that it is a great help to the young convert when first starting out. It helps him to confess Christ in a way that is simple, and breaks the ice, as it were, and that means a great deal. A cross taken up, which helps to make him bold and courageous, and strong in the strength of God and in the power of His might. And also we have the authority of God's word that Christians ought to be peculiar in their dress, that it should be very simple and humble, but what do we see but the reverse, in the great majority of cases, fashion and worldliness, no dividing line between God's people and the world? This state of affairs is directly against the word of God.

It is also a great advertisement. It speaks when we are silent, it proclaims salvation, it sets people thinking about eternal things, and a way is very often opened up to speak to the unsaved about their souls. What is the reason that some so-called Christians sneer when they see a Salvationist in uniform? They do not sneer when they see a policeman in uniform, oh, no, but a Christian in uniform seems to stir them up quite a lot; it condemns them, and they don't like it. It is a great thing to stir people up and make them think of salvation. There is then some chance of getting them saved.

There are a few answers to the question, why do we wear uniform? SERGEANT CASHIN, War Cry Regular Correspondent at Halifax.

Toronto League of Mercy Links.

On looking over our figures for the last two months, we find they show forty visits paid to the different institutions; one hundred and seventy people read in and prayed with; two thousand two hundred "Cry" given away, besides various letters written for the inmates, messages carried to friends, etc., and our hearts thank God for our grand opportunities, and we pray for grace to make the very best use of them. Any reader having a friend, or anyone in whom you are interested, in the Hospital, if you will let us know we shall be most happy to see him, pray with him, or do anything in our power to make his time of suffering a little brighter. Now, don't be afraid to ask us, as that is exactly what we exist for, and very proud we are of the fact. Truly it is work that angels might covet.

MRS. ADJUTANT PHILLIPS.

Live louder than you shout.

A compositor at a printing office was sitting in type the verse of Scripture: "And Daniel had an excellent spirit in him." But he made it read, "And Daniel had an excellent spine in him." Good. We want men of this excellent spine to-day.

A Letter of Christmas Greeting and Good Cheer, from MRS. BOOTH.

MY DEAR COMRADES: Yet once again we have reached the eve of another Christmas, crowned with blessing. Once more, with thankful hearts, we commemorate the lowly birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST.

Glancing backward at the year that has flown so quickly, we can only repeat, "surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life." What innumerable tokens of the love of our Heavenly Father have been showered upon us! How infinitely better our Lord has been to each of us than we have deserved! When we compare our life with what it might have been, but for the riches of His divine grace, we can only throw ourselves into His arms with an overwhelming sense of deepest gratitude, and with renewed consecration, to press forward in joyful service, never wavering, or turning to the right hand or the left.

A beautiful blessing came to my soul one early dawn, not long ago, as I lay, feeling very much troubled and perplexed with harassing circumstances. Suddenly, in the stillness, my little clock, that chimes the hour with a tune, began to sound out slowly and sweetly the notes of the song:

"Trusting Thee over,
Doubting Thee never."

As I listened to its playing, I pledged myself more than ever to put in practice the principle of the chorus, and to walk henceforward ABRAHAM-LIKE, in the darker moments of my life as well as in the light.

With the eyes of faith we may always see "HIS STAR" before us, shining as clearly as did the Star of Bethlehem long ago, directing unerringly the path we should tread, and our part is still fearlessly to follow, even though it may seem to point through the wilderness.

Let us walk by faith, training our souls for the skies. We must learn to measure earthly things with a heavenly measure. Let us not expect to correct earthly failings by earthly activities. We must lift up our eyes to the hills, whence cometh our strength. Let us seek to control our spirits that we may be wrapt up alone in the tutored of Jesus Christ.

"The things of time are passing so rapidly! Life is so short! Comrades who were with us have passed away from our sight. How little did our dear sister-warrior, Staff-Captain

Jones, imagine, a year ago, that it was her last earthly Christmas, busy as she was, working for others early and late, and yet she has gone, and we cannot help but wonder who will be the next. It may be you, or it may be me. When this season returns again there will be some vacant place, some empty chair. Our turn must come, and then, oh, how small the affairs of earth will appear to us from the verge of the river! How foolish and blind we should be if we set our affections on this world's goods, which must surely slip away from the grasp of our fingers!

Let the fervent prayer of our hearts be that we may live so near to Christ as the days go by this coming year that we in our turn may shine, each in our different spheres, like little stars, forever pointing CALVARY-WARD.

And now, since you have tasted of His love and mercy, what will you do in return for Him? What will you bring Him? What have you for Him? How does your heart respond? Some people are constantly aiming to find out HOW LITTLE they can sacrifice for the Kingdom of their own comfort and ease, and yet retain their profession as Christians; but the true child of God is forever bounding forward to discover HOW MUCH HE CAN GIVE, how much he can do or suffer. What gifts have you for the Lord of Bethlehem? Will you bring Him your time, your strength, your youth, your talent, to be used for His sake in the service of your suffering fellow-creatures?

For the little ones who languish At a drunken mother's breast: For the prodigals in anguish, Seeking desperately for rest. In the name of Him who cherished Even the least, and even you. If you feel His claims are pressing, Tell Him now, what will you do?

Bring Him the gift of YOURSELF, with as complete a surrender as some one who said:—

"I RENOUNCED FOR LOVE OF HIM EVERYTHING THAT WAS NOT HE, AND I BEGAN TO LIVE AS IF THERE WAS NONE BUT HE AND I IN THE WORLD."

Then, having settled it for eternity, go forward as a true herald, a messenger of Heaven, proclaiming "good things of great joy," and the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," and a Saviour born mightily to save.

Finally, let us all stand shoulder to shoulder, united under the banner of love, never losing sight of the main object of our Army's existence—the salvation of men and women.

Oh, my comrades, how many souls will you pledge yourself to lead to Him before another Christmas comes! We must rest content with no other aim but this in the coming months.

May the Christ of the manger, the Christ of Gethsemane, and Calvary, be with you. May the Lord cause His face to shine upon you, so that your life's darkest night may be turned into day with the glory of His presence.

May this be the holiest and happiest Christmas you have yet known. Prays Yours, living to serve,

CORNELIE BOOTH.

Sanctification.

By the LATE MARIA SIMPSON.

"I AM the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect."—Gen. xviii. 1.

Then, is sanctification unattainable in this life, as the majority of religious teachers would have us believe? Surely not. To our country, let us take this beautiful command and clasp it to our hearts, saying, with one of God's servants of old, "Lord, give what Thou commandest, and command what Thou wilt."

"For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."—2 Chron. xvi. 9.

We cannot sanctify ourselves. The Salvation Army gives us uncertain sound on that or any other matter. It teaches that sanctification is given on the four conditions of conviction, renunciation, consecration, and faith. (See "Rules for the Salvation Army Soldiers"—a blessed little book.) In the strength of God's Spirit, and in His strength alone, can these conditions be fulfilled. Then God sanctifies, God does the work. Glory, hallelujah! May He do it for us all! Keep believing.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."—Matt. v. 48. Impossible! you say. Of course, utterly impossible if attempted in your own strength. Commit it to Christ. Commit the matter of your sanctification to Him, just as you did your salvation, your pardon. Let Christ, by His Spirit, take full possession of your heart. He is longing to do so, and you will find to your joy that He will soon make that heart a veritable little corner of His Kingdom. He will fill it with His blessed presence and love, and make it too hot a place for Satan—aye, and for self, too! None, none but an indwelling Christ can cast out indwelling sin. But He can and will, by His Own Holy Spirit. Aaaa! I say hallelujah! Blessed Lord Jesus, sanctify us all!

Note.—Maria Simpson was a child of God of rare saintliness. She could not rise from her bed for years before her death, which occurred at the Home for Incurables, Toronto. She was sworn in as a soldier under the Army colors while lying in bed. Mrs. Booth performed that ceremony, and also sang some of her beautiful songs with autolary accompaniment, much to the delight of the suffering saint. Her pain was at times excruciating, and it is probable that this very article for the War Cry was written while the writer was in intense pain. The Christ who came to Bethlehem, and returned to the right hand of the Father, pitied her, and took her to His royal court. She knows this old earth's misery no more. What a glorious exchange!

The sinner may live in a calm, but he will die in a storm; he that lives graceless dies peaceless.—Watson.

Live with Christ till He becomes living thought, ever present, and will find a reverence, a awe, a man feeling.—F. W. Robertson.

Truth makes the Christian. It proves the Christian. Trial tempers the Christian. Death crowns the Christian.



THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERD.



THE DEVIL'S PLEA AND THE ANGEL'S REPLY:

OR,
THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE EMISSARIES OF HEAVEN
AND HELL!

BY THE COMMANDANT.

N.B.—This article was written hurriedly two years ago, but was not finished. It would never have been printed at all in its present form, as I don't consider it worthy of the theme, but for the fact that pressure of business has prevented my writing the intended contribution for the *War Cry*. I rather than disappoint the Editor, and at the urgent request of others, I send it forth with prayers for its usefulness.—H.H.B.

THE SOUL of man is the base of contention between Heaven and hell. It is at once the object of infinite love and of diabolical revenge. On the part of God no sacrifice has been too great to save it, on the part of the devil, no deception too deeply to secure its destruction. For the heart of every single human being the battle is fought out to the death between the emissaries of the Kingdom of light and darkness. The issues are stupendous. In the one case there is paradise, in the other the bottomless abyss. Both are eternal. But there is something behind all this. The struggle for souls is the result of a deeper conflict between principles.

RIGHT IS AT WAR WITH WRONG, truth with falsehood, love with hate. These principles find embodiment on the one hand in God, on the other in the devil. That is why the great case in the trial court of the human race is God versus the devil, and that is why the most tremendous of all considerations for every child of man is the rendering of his verdict to his own conscience as to which of these two masters shall receive his homage. Suppose, therefore, in such imperfect way as is possible to us, we permit these contending forces to speak for themselves. The devil of the night, who sweeps the earth, gathering his harvests of

LOST SOULS SHALL STAND FOR-
WARD

and witness to their mission and method. They shall not be permitted to deceive us, but shall explain their diabolical plans under the colour of their secret intent. Then, in their turn, shall those angels of day, whose mission it is to proclaim hope and light, stand forth to sing the burden of their song to the children of men. The audience, crowded into one vast arena, which we will call the High Court of Eternal Verity, shall in imagination be composed of the population constitute the jury and universal conscience the Judge. The witnesses shall be those angels pleading for hope, and those devils for despair; while the issue at stake is a world redeemed or lost. Glance then in the great assembly, while the first witness, with a flap of his black wings, lights on the tribune from which the speakers are to plead their cause.

THE DEVIL OF GUARD.

With laughing air and defiant expression he begins:—
"I represent all that wealth which belongeth to this world, and my duty is to instruct my followers in the art of laying up for themselves treasures below. I go through the earth, trying temporal things, and the cord with which I do it is a gold one. I reason with them like this. I say:—
"Who would be happy must be rich. Be rich, and this world, in which others groan, and strive, and languish will immediately assume to you the character of a paradise. Be rich, and all men and things will conspire for your gratification.

WEALTH IS THE MAGIC WAND

by which you will rule the chances of your destiny. Be rich, and you will be great; be rich, and you will be revered; be rich, men will follow you, cringe in your presence and bow low at your feet. Riches will hide your weakness, cover infirmity, conceal decay,

Riches will buy you anything, from a mother's child to a prince's favor. Would you aspire? Be rich! Would you descend? Be poor! To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away. It is written so in the Scriptures. It is also so written in the world about you."

Having sufficiently infused this lie into the minds of my victims, I find my next step not so difficult. Once the dollar is enthroned in the heart, it is surprising with what alacrity the love of money usurps the powers of an Almighty Being. The sway of the devil is then complete, the chase for it is that of the hound for its prey. Because of this I am the better able to accomplish much for my own cause and also for my fellow comrades, the devil of despair. Of course I am fully aware my followers can only be enticed by making their victims poor. It is thus that I am at once the devil of wealth and poverty, for I contend with my followers thus: Establish once for all that the great end of your being is to amass fortune, and you will be troubled with no scruples as to who suffers that you may survive.

'GO FOR YOUR MONEY.'

at all times and under all circumstances. Count not the cost to your purse but your own. Build up your revenue, even be it embezzled from the grasp of widow or orphan. Press your way upwards to estate and palace through your enterprise, compel others to traverse with you the road to the work-house. Make everybody pay, and take your dollar without bothering. What is it to you that they be bathed in bloody sweat and anxious tears? What is not convenient to yourself, set your agents to accomplish. This I find a tremendously effective method with my rich "subjects." I am, too, constantly warning these clients of mine against the folly of parting with their possessions, especially against giving alms or assistance to any of the religious type. The "hard times" and "many calls," and "poor relations" pleas are heard in every case my followers. Millions now invested in painted buildings and costly ornaments would have gone to help my great adversary, had it not been that I manufactured those excuses. But, listen and continue the devil, observing his time was up, and assuming a more serious tone as he prepared for his peroration. "I find that the most stupendous power I possess lies in the fact that

GETTING MINDS GREED.

The more my patrons possess the more they want; the more they have the more they want. With the most wealthy, therefore, I have the best results. I have only to suggest new devices for turning their thousands into millions and their millions into millions more, and they pursue the course to the end. I am here to flatter myself with the proud distinction that of all the devils in hell no emissary of his Satanic Majesty boasts more untiring, more energetic, or undaunted followers in the process of working out their own damnation. My legions seldom fail. Their lives are one furious chase for gold, and since often that gold is left by one generation to curse another, you may imagine how powerful and how lasting is my influence for enriching the pocket and pampering the soul."

So saying the demon flew into space.



CAPTAIN LOWRY, LIEUTENANT MCCANN, ENSIGN HOLMAN, Officers of the TORONTO SLUM BRIGADE, in their distinctive uniform.

In the Women's Shelter among our way-worn slummers, and in the Creche among the little children, they are

THE ANGEL OF BENEVOLENCE.

"My mission in this world," began the speaker, from whose presence there shone a brightness seeming to illuminate the voice, "is to uncover the deadly fallacy which you have just heard expounded. I am commissioned to show the race the true secret of happiness. That secret lies, not in my adversary would have you to suppose in having and getting, but in being and giving. Of the stupendous force of wealth none know better than I, for in my flights through the earth I see plainly how luxuriant and easy can be made the journey to hell by those able to scatter their thousands by the way. In my travels to and fro among the children of men I come across the sumptuousness of the rich. I hear the sounds of reveling by night, and catch the clink of hoarded millions by day, the homage, the power, the culture, the fascination belonging to earthly fortune are no strange things to me, for alas! with the force of all such I have to deal, but—, the angel paused to emphasize what he was about to say,—"Those of us

WHO INHABIT ETERNITY

know how the things endure but for a season. They abide not the test of time. They are but dead ministers to lying senses. For brutes they might do; for undying souls they are unavailing. No man has yet fed his soul with husks, and he is known to you that the best of these material things are but of the nature of husks. This it is my supreme mission to proclaim. I visit the counting house, the resort of the money changer, the den of the miser, the palace of the millionaire. I watch them worship their money bags, invest their capital, barter their stock, and arrange their future as if it were their own. I see them dabble and dabble and covet and cheat, and I say to one and all,

'WHY THIS FRENZY.'

this turmoil, this tiring of your heart to things you cannot hold? These limbs, and houses, and fortunes are not yours; they can never be yours. At best you hold them on lease, but at longest the lease can last but four score years and ten. Moreover, you grasp them with quite an uncertain hand. No notice is guaranteed as to when you shall part with them, and when to-day, even to cash your accounts, you will not trust any but yourself, to-morrow your coffin is constructed, and you are no such an consultant. To the millionaire I put this question: "Tell me, I say, when death shall loosen your grasp on this earthly stock; when robbed of reason so that you can no longer understand it; robbed of sight, so that you can no longer see it; robbed of feeling that you can no longer enjoy it; when the grave has concealed you, and worms have consumed you, and men have forgotten you—then, whose shall those things be?" Having thus endeavored, but often in vain, to convey to the consciousness of those whose souls I seek, the disappointments and limitations of time, I try to open to their mental vision something of eternity. Fresh from the throne of God, where the rapturous estates of the redeemed proclaim the true felicity of the soul, I dive on

carrying out the Master's Divine injunctions. They are feeding the hungry, tending the needy, and caring for all those in want, trouble, or adversity; and all for love of Him Who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

wings of the wind, carrying still the reflection of

THE STREETS OF GOLD

to the hotel of the widow. I find her weeping over the loss of her earthly store, but praying for those who stole it, and I understand how she is rich in unfulfilling wealth, and bid her be glad for her treasures in Heaven. After that I pass to the palace, where I find the millionaire squandering his wealth in lavish living. I understand how in reality he is poor, and I bid him beware lest his child playthings rob from him his soul's inheritance. So it is I am continually discovering how the first shall be last and the last first. But oh, how I lament the short-sightedness of men! Could they see as I see, how quickly would they understand the real significance of life. They have difficulty in perceiving that it is better to give than to get, and the deeds of love invested in the Kingdom of Heaven with an interest through eternity not to be for a moment compared with all the revenue that all the wealth of this world could produce."

So saying, the angel gave place to his successor.

(To be continued.)

HIS DEATH SONG.

JOHN RUSS, when the chain was put around the stake, said, with a smiling countenance:—

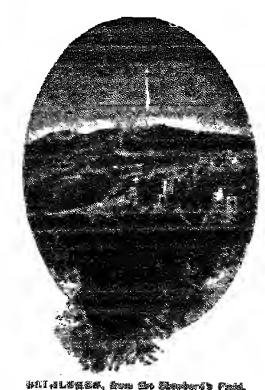
"MY LORD JESUS was bound with a harder chain than this for my sake; and why should I be afraid of this old rusty one?"

As the fagots were piled up, he was asked to recant.

"No," said Huss, "what I taught with my lips I now seal with my blood."

As the flames were applied to the fagots he sang a hymn, with so loud and so cheerful a voice, that he was heard through all the crackling of the combustibles and the noise of the multitude. At last his voice was silenced, after he had uttered the words, "Jesus Christ, Thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me."

Then he died.



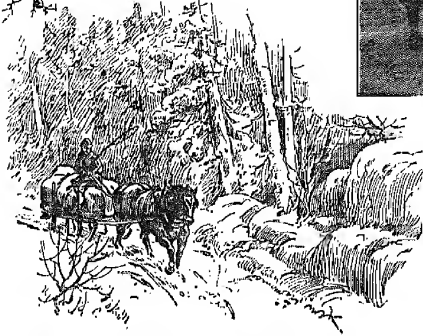
JOHN HUSS, from the Bayard's Field.



GOOD-BYE, COMMANDANT!

Editor's Notes:

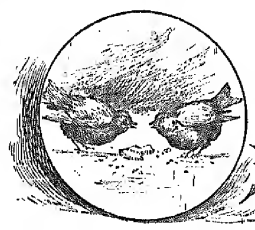
Illustration!
 Good morning,
 and how you!
 Christmas day again!
 Accept hearty Christmas greetings.
 May the Christmas welcome all your
 just ones in loving respect.
 "Glorious to find in the highest, and
 in every place, good will to all
 men."
 "This Yuletide is born this day in the
 city of David, a Saviour, which is
 Christ the Lord." So said the angels
 when they announced His birth.
 A Saviour! A Saviour! One who
 saves. For mingled luxury, for
 want poverty, and every human be-
 ing between those extremes. A SAV-
 IOUR! Does He save you?
 ———
 That.
 The soul.
 A future state.
 Think of these things.
 ———
 Better for you that Christ had
 never come, than that you should re-
 spect Him, now that He has come.
 ———
 "As many as received Him, in them
 gave the power to become the SONS
 OF GOD, even to those that believe
 on His Name."
 ———
 Saviour!
 A Saviour for whom?
 For all. He even died for a
 ransom for ALL.
 Presuming we are saved, then
 WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS?



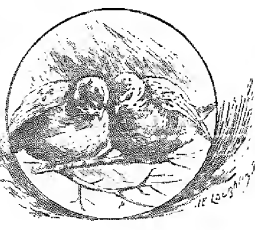
Christ left Heaven and came to earth to save, and prospective death did not turn Him aside. How you dare ravine country like that?
 If when He whispers—"Go!" Our lawless hearts are dumb, How shall He at the last say, "Come, ye blessed, come!" —Ed.

BROTHER, SOMEBODY. Have you ever taken up a map to look up the place on this globe where "Eden" is still an unknown name?
 HAVE you ever in the glory of secret prayer, sunk in the love of Jesus Christ to ascertain whether He wants YOU to speak in the hearing "the words of this life?"

SALVATION AND STREET WARFARE.



While dwelling in prison, opposite the City Hall, Boston, the Editor had the privilege of seeing a poor old drunkard in the following crowd and he, where he stood in a line to be pardoned for his sins. He was actually saved and his name was written in the book of life. He was a man of about 70 years of age, and he was a native of New England.



GOOD-BYE, COMMANDANT!

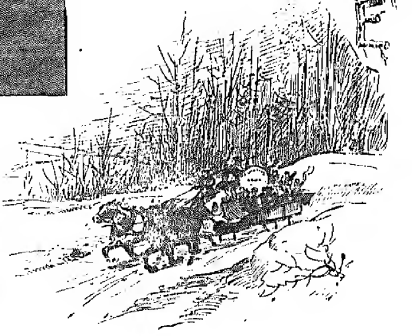
GOOD-BYE, COMMANDANT!

After three and a half years of European toil, the Commandant at last finds an opportunity to spend some time in America.
 We are sure that every man who reads these words will receive the prayer, and bless and go with our Commandant, giving him parting words. He is a man in the business to him to transmit, and being him back with improved physical health for the fulfillment of the able responsibilities to which the Almighty has called him.

"Goodbye" is the modern expression for the old English "and so with you."

ARMENIA.

The old world has many a moral sore on its surface, but there is one place where all others which at this season demands the military of intervention on its behalf—that place is Armenia. It is not in vain that the heart of the English-speaking man throughout the world has been most deeply touched through the report of the horrors enacted there during 1895. Five hundred thousand people, the newspaper says, have been butchered, starved, or perished through the abundant treatment for Armenians have received from the Turks. Armenia, like an unprotected nation in the midst of a despotism, is a land of suffering and misery. It is devastated and beggared, while the powers, the great nations, have formed a club of indifference.
 Here is a brief description from a newspaper correspondent, of the Turkish method: "At last we have had our turn. We loved that, with the Kur and Hamid Pasha's present, we



Robed in Flame!



SECRETARY ELLIS, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

I REMEMBER LAST CHRISTMAS EVE, a very sad accident happened which cast a gloom over the whole community. A lady in Charlottetown invited a number of children to her house. She had prepared a Christmas tree on which were presents. It was brightly lighted with tapers, and one of the guests, a beautiful boy of fourteen years of age, was covered with white cotton wool to represent

SANTA CLAUS.

While he was distributing the presents he happened to touch one of the tapers, the cotton wool ignited, and in a few moments he became a mass of flame. Before the wool could be torn off his face and body were frightfully burned.

For weeks his life was despaired of, and he lay in frightful agony. But he was a brave boy, and born his sufferings manfully, and has now recovered.

I write this that it may be a warning to parents not to dress their children in this dangerous material. This is the second frightful burning accident that has happened in Charlottetown through putting on cotton wool as a costume.

Hallelujah! There is a joy, a real joy, we may every one experience at Christmas, the joy of loving and serving Him whom the angels heralded—Jesus Christ in a white robe—the robe of His righteousness—which no sinners can destroy.

"For the angels proclaimed That a Saviour was born To save a poor sinner like me."

What thrills of great joy to all people. M. F. ELLIS.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN OR —!

Oh, the Cruel Sea Waves.

IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY. We were living in a small port town in Nova Scotia. It was a cold, frosty day, and the wind was high and squally. One window room window faced the harbor. All our family were seated at dinner, and I remember looking towards the window, and remarking, "There is a vessel coming in the harbor full with fish. This has a few hours later, and as I stand beside the lifeless form of a woman who that morning had left her home to come and spend Christmas with her friends, I felt avert, and fully realized that in the midst of the we are in death." And this in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man cometh, and I heard the voice of Almighty God saying, "Prepare to meet

A sudden squall had struck her. We saw some of the men and women in the water struggling for life. But some pit out to their rescue, but almost only a very few were rescued; others sank, to rise no more. Two bodies were taken out of the water a few hours later, and as I stand beside the lifeless form of a woman who that morning had left her home to come and spend Christmas with her friends, I felt avert, and fully realized that in the midst of the we are in death." And this in such an hour as we think not the Son of Man cometh, and I heard the voice of Almighty God saying, "Prepare to meet

thy God," "Be ye also ready," "Lo, I come quickly."

Christmas Fare.

PRETENSES.

In my last journey into the north all my patience was put to the proof again and again; and all my endeavor to please, yet without success. In my present journey I leap, as broke from chains, I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humor, "because they are with me." This must be the spirit of all who take journeys with me. If a dinner is dressed, a hard bed, a poor room, a shower of rain, or a dirty road, will put them out of humor, it lays a burden upon me greater than all the rest put together.

By the grace of God I never fret. I repine at nothing. I am discontented with nothing. And to have persons at my ear fretting and murmuring at everything is like tearing the flesh off my bones. I see God sitting upon His throne, and seeing all things upon His throne, and seeing all things upon His throne. I can hear this also—to hear His government of the world continually found fault with (for in blaming the things which He alone can alter, in effect, blame Him); yet it is such a burden to me as I cannot bear without pain, and I bless God when it is removed.

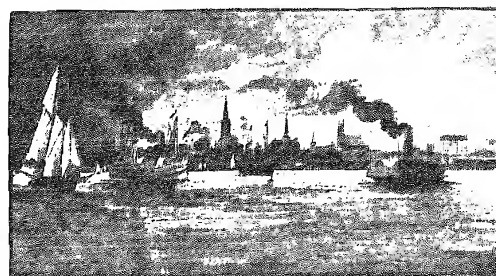
The doctrine of a particular providence is what exceeding few persons understand; at least not practically so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want — to see God acting in everything and disposing all for His own glory and His creature's good. I hope it is your continual prayer that you may see Him and love Him, and glorify Him with all you are and all you have. Pardon be with you all!—John Wesley.

Mind the Twig.

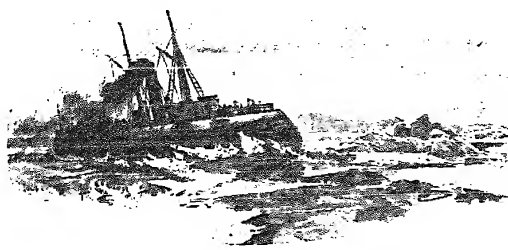
Near our barracks stands an elm tree, with two of its limbs tied in a knot by some one when it was very small. Now, after these years of growth, it cannot be untied, it has become too strong. No human power could what was so easily done with the twig.

Our children grow up to manhood and womanhood, with character and habits so strong and fixed that no human power can undo what was so easily done or taught in their childhood. That applies to both good and evil.

I know a mother who once lifted her child on the counter to throw him in a rattle, and when he was boasted of his cleverness, but now she is sad hearted over a wayward and gambling son in that same boy. They take them to the theatre, ballroom, and other worldly places of amusement, which creates a desire in their hearts for the vanities of the world in many other forms. Many a week to-day our troops are disappointed every from the first taste of what is Father's tab.



CHARLOTTETOWN FROM THE SEA.



FROM PICTOU TO GEORGETOWN—A Nova Scotian Sea Scene.

HOLINESS DIAMONDS, PICKED AND ASSORTED.

BY J. K. MILLER.

Perfect love is death to vacillation. Perfect love gives easy victory over every temptation.

Perfect love places Jesus at the head of all our affairs.

Love troubles not for home returns. It amply pays itself in serving its beloved.

Many can love at their tongue's end, but the lovely love at their fingers' end.

Love is the golden thread that runs through the Gospel—God's love to us, ours to Him, and one to another.

Your height as a living creature is according to the height and breadth of your love.

You can write it down as true, that wherever there is love there will be sacrifice.

Let love control your actions, reason be your guide, Never use a ratchet when a key may be applied.

We are never well informed of the truth till we are conformed to the truth.

A humble saint looks most like a citizen of Heaven.

Those trees which have their top branches of hope in Heaven will have their lower boughs of activity on earth.

A true Christian not only does more than others will do, but he also does more than others can do.

Contentment does not consist in a lack of push.

SACRED RHEUMATISM.

For my own part, I would rather be drummer in the Salvation Army, and bang an old drum through the world for the salvation of men, than stand in the nightst cathedral on this earth and preach the most glorious Gospel to a handful of good old men and women, who are so old in the faith that they have not sacred rheumatism.—REV. THOMAS DIXON, F.S.

THE LADY WHO COULDN'T DO HOUSEWORK.

An Incident which Shows You Cannot Judge a Lady by Her Clothes.

WE WERE OUT visiting in the slums one afternoon.

Down a back lane we found a woman living in a two-roomed house. We only gained admittance to one of them, and how we did get in seems almost a mystery to me now. Scattered about the room was every bit of furniture they had. The old rusty stove was covered with dirty pots and pans, which I think were cleaned as often in a year as Christmas comes. Then there was an old box, a coffee tin, loaf of bread, and a spoon. The floor was entirely covered over with rags, dishes, and tins, etc.

We talked with the lady of the house, and she informed us she was a Christian. She told us quite a lot about the Bible, different religious affairs, and finished up with the astonishing information that she was never used to housework, her sisters had always done it, and at the present time she was occupied with something more necessary than keeping her rooms clean. She was trimming a hat for her self.

This is only one instance out of many, and yet people say there are no slums in Canada. Visit for yourself, my friend, and see if there is not enough sorrow and poverty, dirt and laziness, even here in beautiful Toronto, without going to any other large city in the world. What we want is more women who will consecrate themselves to God for the slums, not to be a lady, but a servant of the sick and needy Christ of Bethlehem, and of these poor, forgotten people.

JENNIE M. MCCANN.
Lieut. No. 11. Sam Corps, Toronto.

Side-Lights ON SOME OF OUR BOYS.

TOLD BY THEM.

You Can Hear More Such Down at the Barracks.

ONE brother says: "I got so drunk one time I went to the pump to light my pipe. But now I am saved, and need neither pipe nor whiskey."

Another: "I was sunk so low in drunkenness and sin that no one would trust me for five cents. Now they not only trust me, but offer to loan me."

Another brother I know who got so drunk he did not know his coat from his pants, but now he both knows and is able to pay for a good suit.

Another I met when drunk at least three or four times in drink and tobacco. Now he gives me ten cents per week to Jesus, and if I don't prove him he will sometimes even give ten cents. This brother has been known to give as high as fifteen cents when there was a banquet and follow at his expense. Of course he cannot possibly be so extravagant at all times.

Another was I met and so drunk he was when he would knock the lamp off the pump if it would not increase his liquor. When he asked, but now he is saved and in the Army.

AND

What Became of It.

PART I.

What is the cause of all this? Christmas morn had come. The winds of heaven seemed to waft along the joyful tidings. The day that many were waiting for had dawned at last.

To and fro upon the streets of a small town in the Maritime Provinces the townspeople hurry along, stopping only for a few moments to extend to each other the compliments of the season. All seem bent on spending the day in seeking happiness.

The Salvation Army officer gazed out of the windows of his humble quarters for some few moments. He had only been in the town a few days, and the sight of that throng of people kindled an intense desire within his breast to see them converted. Down upon his knees he went, and to beseech the throne of God on behalf of the souls of the people. In his distress he called upon the Lord: "Oh, Lord! I love the souls of those people. I want to see them saved. May my labor not be in vain, but count that

THIS CHRISTMAS DAY

What! Dare he believe for souls when no one had publicly sought salvation at that corps penitential-form for over twelve months?

Yes, he dare; and, after thanking God for past victories, he started for the barracks, confident that His Father in Heaven would give him a Christmas present, in seeing at least one soul kneeling at the feet of Jesus.

God honored his faith, for during the latter part of the meeting a strong, healthy, robust-looking man walked boldly to the aisle, knelt at the penitent-form, and poured the story of his sin and sorrow into the ears of Him who never turned away from one penitent sinner.

The congregation were amazed, the soldiers were filled with joy irrefragable, the officer was jubilant. All listened eagerly to the words which that Christmas convert uttered, and with tears in his eyes he quietly told that he once had

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER

[illegible]

TABLE 1

The scene has changed. Some months have elapsed. In a seaport city in a marine hospital a sailor lies dying. Fever has laid its hand upon him. Racked with pain of body, with pallid cheeks, suffering great agony, there lies our sailor convalescent.

His struggles of life are now over; he proves Christ to be a real and still even in the valley and shadow of death. By faith I see him as he passed through the gates of death, welcomed by Jesus, welcomed by the patriarchs, the prophets, the apostles—welcomed by all. What a sight need have not his eye! Peace—peace—either side of the path—way leading to the Father—flowing with milk and honey, the river of life flowing through the midst, the banks of the river fringed with the foliage of the tree of life, whose laden boughs are laden with the weight of twelve manner of fruit—whose shades are groves of angels warbling harp-tunes of eternal praise.

LISTEN ! THE CHORISTERS

on Mount Zion strike up their songs of jubilee. Cherubim legions lead the way, chanting songs of triumph; the procession winds its way through the capacious streets. On either side are munions of inexpressible felicity, flushed with effulgence brighter than the noonday sun. He approaches the throne of the Lamb, Jesus puts upon his head the crown of life, and welcomes him in His presence with the



Representatives of the "Christless Nations."

"How shall they hear without a preacher?"

words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." His joy is unspeakable, the sight indescribable. With the host of angels who rank in endless files about him, he joins in singing the vespertine song. Hallelujah

What a Saviour! what a Redeemer
Crown Him forever King of kings
Crown Him, the glorious Conqueror of
hell, Prince of Peace, Jesus, Jehovah
Lamb of God! Hallelujah! Hallelu-
jah! Amen! W.A.S.

One of the thirty employees in the S. A. Laundry, Clapton, England, is a ticket-office woman, who was sentenced to sixteen years' penal servitude for murdering her child. The Army authorities made an application for her to be placed in the custody of the Salvation Army, on the ground that she might be placed in the custody of the Salvation Army. At first the application was refused. Another application was made, and this time it was granted. She is now in the Army, and otherwise she would have to go back to prison to finish her term. Month by month a lady telephones calls at the office, and up to the present all has gone on well. "The woman is a very nice, intelligent, well-converted, and loving wife."

A correspondent in one of our exchanges gives the following as an illustration of the tendency of the "new theology" :—

"Suppose a traveller, passing through the town of Andover, Mass., should stop at the door of the theological seminary in that town to inquire about the most direct and safest road to Boston, what answer would he be likely to get? Possibly it might be as follows:

"Well, sir, tint road (pointing to the old turnpike) has, in the past, generally been called the safest and best way; but, my good sir, a syndicate of capitalists, who have been looking into the matter, decided two or three years ago that it far more attractive route could be found than the old turnpike and they at once looked into the matter. They found that the best way to construct a new road, or highway, directly over the mountains—line seenery there—then they courageously followed a new survey which led from thence straight to Boston, via Canada. This new route, my good sir, should be called, beats the old turnpike all to pieces, and I advise you to

ONE

WHICH DOES THE BEST WORK IN THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST—AND WHY—

Earnestness, Enthusiasm, or Fanaticism?

A DEAR FRIEND asks me for an essay on the above questions. The task is an easy one, if, in the few moments I have to give to it, I may happily fall upon words curt enough to dismiss it with due brevity.

Fanaticism comes last in the question, but I will deal with it first. It does not like the word. Fanaticism, to my mind, implies something of bigotry and tyranny; it suggests the presence of a cramped brain and an oblique moral vision. The genuine is a humanitarianist's smartness. I disclaim fanaticism with the remark that it is a hard worker, but on account of its hardness it is not a worker at all, any way. Of course, there is an imputed, stigmatical fanaticism from which no thorough worker with Christ can escape.

What is the difference between earliness and enthusiasm? They are two spirit, anyway. I dislike writing about the difference, but I must, so let us call our twins Earn and Entle. Earn is the eldest. He is prettier than his brother, but not stronger. Entle is the younger, but stronger. Entle is decidedly a red head. Earn is cultivated: Entle will at any time be wild. They can work to a sealer without quarrelling, indeed, but Entle is more of a sealer than work. Entle's field is somewhat devoted to Earn's. Passing from one to the other you become aware of a difference in the level of the land, rich, and moist; level: Entle is a roughish lot. Towards the north end of it there are some pretty black hills. Entle is the good, the warm, the one with that best nature of his, the care of God in him, they get warmer up, and some of the most unlikely looking ones begin to blossom as

EARS AND EYES

are apostles, as much as we who are the sons of 2,000 years ago. All the early preachers were warm men. Peter, the unlearned, I suppose, and Paul, the learned, I know, were enthusiasts. Is John, the sweet, and James, the practical, we have beautiful characters of earnestness. Like them, for Earn and Euth, the apostles of the future, are men. And He is teaching them "to catch men." And they do catch them, each in his own way. Earn wins the many; Euth conquers the few. They make blunders sometimes. So did the first apostles. Earn and Euth are not so sure they do not interrupt the current of inspiration. Mindless work may be of the poorest. The famous charge of the Light Brigade was a blunder, but it destroyed the enemy and terrorized the disordered ranks of the rebels. I have done it. I have not for blundering out for wronging that I dismisses fanatics. Earn and Euth will often be misunderstood, misjudged, condemned, particularly Euth. Timorous ones will say of him, "You never know what you are saying." But he does not know himself. But he will do something. He does not drive his work; it drives him. But my time is scarce. To sum up the matter in scriptural language - now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three, and the greatest of these is Charity, that which best abideth you. They, both of them, do the best work yet "blinded on" with either of them, and work for the Kingdom, not for the reestablishing of some once noble but now entirely artificial feature of it, and your "righteousness."

Figure 1

October 5, 1891.

[Since gone to be present with the
Lord.—Ed.]

You do not have to teach a duck to swim, it seems natural for him to do that. So it is just as natural for a person that is converted to do right as it is for an unconverted person to do wrong.



HE WHO FOR ME WAS BORN.

Tune—"From every stain made clean." B. J. 51.

1 If CHRIST the Nazarene,
Lived but as all men live—
Who, who, alas! shall make me clean,
And all my sins forgive?

(For Chorus—Repeat last two lines.)

If He, the Holy One,
Died but as all men die—
Then I, at least, am all undone;
In evil case am I!

But nay, I know, I feel
Bear witness with my soul
That I am now a child of GOD,
And every whit made whole.

The SPIRIT and the blood
Bear witness with my soul
That I am now a child of GOD,
And every whit made whole.

H. E. C.
Esperance Cottage, Perth, W. A.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Tune—"Come in, my Lord, come in," B.B. 27 and B.J. 16.

2 Let all unite to sing
The praise of Him, who came
From Heaven's high throne, that sin-
ful man
Salvation might obtain.
Ho is the Prince of Peace,
Immanuel His name;
As King of kings and Lord of lords,
For ever He shall reign.

Chorus.
Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home;
Come in, and cleanse my soul from
sin,
And dwell with me alone.

Love unsurpassable
By Jesus has been shown,
In leaving for this sinful world
The glories of His home.
Though born in low estate,
Of Royal lineage He;
The Sovereign King of Heaven and
earth,
His faithful subjects we.

Then let us render praise
To God for what He's done,
In giving such a sacrifice,
His well-beloved Son.
Oh, may for evermore
Our hearts to Him be given,
That we His will may do on earth,
As angels do in Heaven.

—Alexander Greig.

CHRISTMAS PRAISES.

Tune "My soul is now united," B.J. 118.

3 Come, comrades, sing and shout
for joy
This glorious Christmas morn;
Let holy, faithful songs employ
Your hearts, for Christ is born!
He's come to bring us peace on earth,
To do His work, and save mankind—
Oh, glory to His name!

Come, comrades, sing and praise the
Lord.
Let every heart be glad;
Ring out your song of praise to Him.
Why should one soul be sad?
He's come to bring us peace on earth,
To bury all our fear;
To take away all sin, and make
The way to Heaven clear.

We'll praise Him now for what He's
done,
And what He still will do;
He'll take us to be with Himself,
If to the end we're true.
We'll pledge ourselves to God afresh,
Upon this Christmas day:
Our service shall be nothing less,
But more continually.

S. M. L. Wick.

A FAMOUS OLD CHRISTMAS SONG.

Tune—"The mistletoe bough," B. J. 116.

4 I once had a master, a bad one was
he,
He promised me pleasure, but gave
me misery;
I disliked his service, and gave him
the sack,
He wants me again, but I'm not going
back.

No, I'll never go back,
No, I'll never go back,
I had to work hard, and got very
tired and pay.

In fact, now was done, I worked
night and worked day;
Got more kicks than coppers, was al-
ways in strife,
So I turned it all up for a far better
life.

Yes, a happier life,
Yes, a happier life,
I'm under now management now, don't
you see?

I've got a new Master, a good one is
He,
His service is easy, good wages He
pays,
And promises work for the rest of my
days;
And a pension beside,
And a pension beside.

GLORY TO GOD FOR EVER.

Tune—"After the hail,"
5 Come, hear the story I to you will
tell,
How Christ the Saviour came here to
dwell,
Left home and Heaven, where all was
grand,

To be a Saviour for every land.
In David's city He did appear,
Sought by the wise men, who found
Him there,
Led by a bright star on Christmas
morn,
In a lowly manger, Jesus was born.

Chorus.
Glory to God forever,
Glory to God on high,
Now He has found a ransom.
Singers to Him draw nigh,
Glory to the angels singing early on
Christmas morn,
Glory to God in the highest, Jesus
is born.

Outside the city, men watching sheep,
Hear the glad tidings while others sleep;
Forth from the heavens angels ap-
pear,
Singing to shepherds trembling with
fear:

"Glory to God and peace to all men,
Go to the city called Bethlehem,
There in a manger, this Christmas
morn,
You will find the Saviour, Jesus is
born!"
Joy fills the shepherds' hearts to the
brim,
Down on their knees they fall before
Him;
Then forth announcing, "Jesus we've
found."

Telling to all in village and town,
On goes the sweet news day after day.
Hark! Don't you hear it coming
this way?
You, comrades, heard it, no more to
mourn,
Can't you hear him say, "I'm glad
Christ was born?"
—Cadet Joe Tippet, Henne, Mont.

Seasonable Advice.

—In looking at what you are, don't
forget to find out what you may be.
—Cut yourself clear of everything
slimy or suspicious; carry no contri-
bution goals on board the Lord's ves-
sel!

—Set up a mark. Aim at it. Have
an end in view. In all weathers make
for it.

—The test of a man is not in the
amount of his endurance, but in its
motive.

—To saturate life with God, and the
world with Heaven, that is the genius
of Christianity.

—If you are practically saved, God
has a right to your mind and all your
gifts; they are His property.

—Get a settled in your mind that
you are a Salvationist for life, and
never have a wavering thought about
the matter. Die rather than suffer
doubt.

—Heaven is made up of the cream
of humanity.

—Be yourself. Don't imitate any-
one. It will rob you of your spiritual
power.

—There are hundreds of professions
of religion who have not yet become
religious.

—Faith is the good cable, that
stretches and strains does not break
in the storm.

—Trials being sanctified increase
faith, and faith being increased
again put to trial.

—If we would be led into God's
truth, we must put our neck into
Christ's yoke.

—Do not anxious about little things
if thou wouldst learn to trust God
with thine all.

—Christians should never forget
that to win souls is their first busi-
ness. All else is but secondary to this
supreme purpose.

—The habit of sleeping oneself in to
things gives a vigor of spiritual
life.

—The greater amount of mental ac-
tivity arises from anticipation of
trial.

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